



Waves

Chapter 1

The taste of it was refreshing. Cool, sweet, sour. I finished my glass of lemonade with a giant gulp. After wiping the lemonade from my mouth, I placed my glass in the sink. I swiped my shaggy, black hair away from my dark, blue eyes and leaned against the kitchen counter. I was home alone, my parents were away for the week. They had gone to California on a business trip but I wanted to say home. So, after begging for the millionth time, they finally agreed. They had left two days ago and I was feeling a bit lonely but I didn't complain. I lived right in front of a beach in hawaii and I could make friends easily. So, I was all set.

I walked through the living room heading to the glass doors that led to my porch. Before leaving the room I grabbed *The diary of a Wimpy Kid: Dog Days* and headed outside. I was on page 176. So, I flipped open to the page and started reading:

"When I showed up, I realized none of the GOOD swimmers were there, it was only the kids who had never won a ribbon before. At first I was pretty happy, because I thought I might actually WIN something for once. I still didn't do well, though. My event was the 100-meter freestyle and I got so pooped that I had t-"

A beach ball hit my head. I folded the page and turned around. A little girl had thrown the ball and missed the open arms of her father. Her father came running up to me and mumbled apologetically, "I'm so sorry about that. We were just playing catch and her aim was off. She's only six so she's still learning how to throw it where you want it to go." He nervously smiled. "Nah, it's OK, I don't mind. Tell her she's doing great!" "I will, thank you," he replied. He jogged back to his daughter who looked upset she'd missed her goal. The little girl wore a swimsuit and swimming shorts, accessorized with sunglasses and the brightest pink flip-flops I had ever seen. "May," he called, "Don't be upset, the nice boy said he's OK and you're doing great!" She turned to me and gave me a big, toothy smile. I smiled back and turned my attention to my book. *"My event was the 100 meter freestyle, and I got so pooped that I had to walk the last lap. But the judges didn't disqualify me. And at the end of the night, I got a first-place ribbon, which my parents handed to me. In fact, EVERYONE walked away with first-place ribbons, even Tommy Lam, who got turned around in the backstroke and swam the wrong way. When I got home I was con-"*

The ground started to shake and I grabbed hold of the table. I dared not let go in fear of not being able to get up. Then I heard people screaming behind me. Not a playful scream, but a terrified scream. I carefully marked my page and turned around to only meet face to face with a giant 40 foot wave.

People were scurrying around, grabbing belongings, children or nothing. I dropped my book and ran inside, closing the glass and screen door behind me. I scrambled up the stairs to my room, on the far side of the house, and slammed the door. I shrank down on the floor waiting. But nothing happened, then everything happened. Suddenly, I heard a loud crash and the next thing I knew, my room was flooded. My window smashed to pieces and the glass fell out the window with tons of water following. I was screaming with all my might. I started to cry as I watched my belongings rush out of the window. I was scared. Scared that I was going to die in this disastrous tsunami. Then it hit me. I was in a tsunami. Thousands among thousands died from tsunamis... and I'm not one of them. I decided I had to get out of my room before all the debris spilling in became too much for me to handle. So, I let go of my room and floated away.

That's when it got worse. I hit something with terribly sharp bristles. Each bristle stuck into my skin and took their precious time letting me go. As soon as the pain lessened I turned around to realize I hit a palm tree. I turned my attention back to where the water was taking me and *Thud!* I hit a large, flat...billboard? I wanted to leave the billboard's side but as I neared the edge, I noticed it was moving most of the debris out of the way. So, I got onto the ledge of the billboard, sat down and stared at my town in horror. The houses that once

belonged to my friends were now gone. All that remained was piles of wood and household items scattered along my drowned island. And bodies. Lots of bodies. I looked away not wanting to recognize the faces. I stood up and cautiously walked to the edge of the billboard to see where I was headed. But as I looked to see where I was, the giant placard stopped. I jerked backwards, lost my footing and stumbled in the browning water below. I came up gasping for air as I screamed falling. My nose stung from the disgusting water filling it. I regained my balanced and treaded water, deciding on what I had to do. I decided to find higher land to get out of the water and find any surviving people. I swam around the advertisement for Colgate toothpaste to find that the calming water was surprisingly shallow. I stood up and realized the water only came up to my knees. I started walking, not knowing where I was going. The debris kept increasing the farther I went. I looked at my surroundings. Everything was destroyed, not one building was standing. Trees and dirt piled up everywhere. I walked a bit farther when I heard it. A sign of life. A child's cry for help.